

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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Jared searched the fallen soldiers' bodies but found nothing of value. It was clear they weren't particularly strong, and their resources were limited, too.

"Let's go. We should take our chance and slip out while the chaos lasts," Jared said, then turned to lead Madman and the others toward the outskirts of the city.

Just as they leapt into the air, ready to leave, a squad of soldiers suddenly appeared, blocking their path.

"Well, well... Finally found you," came a furious voice.

Thorley stood at the front, face twisted in anger, teeth clenched.

Seeing it was Thorley, and that he'd brought only a few soldiers, Jared let out a laugh.

"This is all you brought to catch us?" said, amused.

"Forget them," Thorley snapped, snorting. "Even if I came alone, taking you down would be child's play. I don't care who you think you are. Surrender now and save yourself the pain."

"Hey, is it some kind of celestial tradition to act all high and mighty? Would it kill you to show a little humility?" Jared scoffed, genuinely at a loss for words.

What's so special about these so-called celestials anyway?

They boast about their noble bloodlines, yet every one of them is arrogant, completely convinced they're better than everyone else...

Thorley faltered for a moment, a slight frown tugging at his brow. "Do you even know who I am?"

"I know more than just your name," Jared replied with a faint smile.

“Your father is Braxton, overlord of the Celestial Palace’s Eighth Hall, isn’t he? Funny enough, I’ve already defeated once. So your odds are even worse.”

Thorley stared at him, stunned. Disbelief flickered across his face. He simply couldn’t understand how Jared had learned such a tightly guarded secret.

The Celestial Palace’s Eighth Hall was the true power behind Winged Tiger City, a fact known to almost no one. Publicly, it was the city lord Jovan who held authority.

Hmm... How could this guy possibly know that?

“Who exactly are you? How do you know my father? How could you, a cultivator barely in the Wandering Immortal Realm, possibly defeat him?” Thorley demanded, his disbelief evident.

“When I defeated your father, I was still in the Manifestor Realm. If it were now, I could make beg for mercy with just one hand...” Jared said confidently, without a hint of exaggeration.

He was telling the truth, but what didn’t mention was that had only defeated Braxton because the Vermilion Demon Lord had taken control of his body at the time.

“How dare you insult our lord!” A soldier suddenly stepped forward, his aura flaring as advanced on Jared. “You deserve to die!”

The soldiers accompanying Thorley were clearly no ordinary troops. Their auras were far more powerful and distinct than the regular guards in the city, likely members of the Celestial Palace in disguise.

“How dare you speak to Jared like that?” Madman roared, his fury erupting as launched a swift palm strike.

The soldier never had a chance. He was sent flying, his body bursting apart mid-air, reduced to a mangled heap of flesh.

Madman’s power far outstripped these small fries from the Eighth Hall. After enduring centuries in purgatory, was a force to be reckoned with.

Thorley’s face turned pale. His mind raced back to the time spell Jared had just demonstrated, a surge of fear creeping into his chest.

Thorley had brought only a handful of soldiers, relying on the Teleportation Array. With most of the city's forces stationed at the border, knew his meager forces were no match for Jared and his companions.

"Kid, since you already know I'm from the Celestial Palace, you still dare to defy us? Are you really not afraid of death?" Thorley growled, trying to cow Jared with the palace's reputation.

Jared burst out laughing, his tone arrogant. "Hah! You're just the prince of the Eighth Hall. Even if you were the hall's overlord, I'd still kill you if I felt like it. I've already taken down the Tenth Hall. Its overlord now answers to me. As for the Ninth Hall, their lord died the moment appeared. And you think I'd be scared of some petty prince from the Eighth?"

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Thorley's eyes widened in disbelief as stared at Jared. "You... You're from the Ethereal Realm?"

"Yep," Jared replied with a casual nod.

Thorley's expression darkened. He had clearly heard stories from his father.

Surprisingly, swallowed his pride and said, "You can go. I'll pretend I never saw you..."

But Jared didn't move. "Actually, I've changed my mind. I don't feel like leaving just yet."

Thorley stiffened. "What... What do you want?"

"There are too many fortresses in Winged Tiger City," Jared said coolly. "Even if we slip past this one, we'll run into trouble trying to leave the region. So, I want you to escort us out of the city. Personally..."

"Hmph, don't even think about it..." Thorley snapped. Then, to everyone's surprise, turned and bolted.

"Running?" Jared sneered.

With a flick of his wrist, a beam of golden light shot forward like lightning.

It was the Immortal's Pointer. Now that Jared had stepped into the Wandering Immortal Realm and his body surged with celestial energy, wielding the Immortal's Pointer had become second nature.

A blood-curdling scream tore through the air as Thorley was struck. He dropped from the sky like a stone, slamming into the ground with a thunderous crash.

D*mn it!

Thorley growled through clenched teeth, struggling to go head-to-head with Jared. But to his shock, his body felt as if it were bound by invisible chains-immobile, unresponsive.

He hadn't realized that Jared's seemingly casual gesture had in fact been an immortal technique, infused with the profound principles of time itself.

Swoosh!

Unable to break free, Thorley was forced to summon the Power of Immortals within him. But instead of unleashing it, something went horribly wrong. The energy backfired, trapped within his own body. And then, it exploded.

Thorley's face was deathly pale as he coughed up mouthfuls of fresh blood. His body trembled uncontrollably, had lost all control, even soiling himself in front of everyone.

His eyes widened in horror as he stared at Jared, the fear etched deep into his expression.

"Ugh, that smell..." Madman grimaced and quickly covered his nose.

Even the soldiers beside Thorley instinctively took a few subtle steps back, their expressions shifting with discomfort. The stench was unbearable.

In that moment, Thorley felt utterly humiliated. He was the son of the overlord of the Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall, and now reduced to this pathetic state.

"What are you all standing around for? Attack them! Kill them!" roared, his voice cracking with rage and desperation.

Several soldiers exchanged tense glances. Then, gritting their teeth, they charged at Jared and his group.

Jared didn't even spare them a glance, his focus was fixed on Thorley as he strode forward with calm determination.

Madman and Eason moved in tandem, intercepting the attacking soldiers.

As Jared approached, Thorley cowered beneath his gaze. The arrogance from before had vanished. His face now twisted with fear.

"It reeks... You should really take a bath," Jared said flatly.

With a casual wave of his hand, a surge of force blasted Thorley off the ground, hurling into a nearby pond with a loud splash.

Jared waved his hand in the air, manipulating Thorley's soaked form as floundered helplessly, dragged back and forth like a puppet on strings.

By the time Jared finally pulled from the water, Thorley was soaked to the bone like a drowned rat. It was a sight both comical and pathetic.

"Who dares act so brazenly?" Just as Thorley teetered on the edge of despair, a squad of a dozen soldiers charged over, weapons drawn.

"Help! Save me!" Thorley shouted.

The soldiers halted, and upon recognizing him, their faces turned pale with alarm. "You there! Release Lord Thorley at once!"

Jared spared them a glance. None of them had reached the Wandering Immortal Realm. To him, they were less than ants.

"Take a good look. Do you really think they can save you?" Jared said coldly.

Without another word, raised his fist. "Sacred Light Fist!"

A colossal fist crashed down from the heavens, completely engulfing the approaching soldiers.

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Boom!

With a deafening boom, the fist crashed down, obliterating the soldiers beneath it in an instant. The earth split open, leaving behind a crater over a hundred meters deep. Not a single corpse remained.

Those men had been vaporized, erased before they could even react. The sheer force of the blow was overwhelming.

Even Madman and Eason, having just finished off the remaining enemies, stood frozen for a moment, stunned by the sheer devastation Jared had unleashed.

Thorley's eyes were stretched wide, his gaze hollow, completely void of the arrogance once held. Before such overwhelming power, the pride of a so-called celestial had crumbled into dust.

Jared hadn't moved a step. With a single, effortless punch, more than a dozen soldiers had vanished. Not even their bodies remained.

Is this really the power of someone who's just stepped into the Wandering Immortal Realm?

How can this be possible?

Thorley's mind reeled. He simply couldn't fathom where Jared had obtained such terrifying strength.

"Behave and follow my orders, and I might just let you live. Otherwise, no one can save you. I kill who I want to kill, even if they're a saint..." Jared's tone was arrogant, every word laced with unshakable confidence.

When it came to swagger, was no less than the celestials themselves.

But the moment his words dropped, a thunderclap cracked across the sky.

Rumble!

A jolt shot through Jared's body. His heart skipped a beat.

"D*mn it... Does bragging in the celestial realm get you struck by lightning?" muttered.

Madman said in a panic, "It's fine to show off, but don't joke about saints. Seriously. You might end up dead."

Jared wore a sheepish expression. He hadn't expected the saints to be so petty.

Come on, it was just a joke!

"Well then," said casually, turning to Thorley, "How about it? Want to cooperate and help get us out of Winged Tiger City?"

The question snapped Thorley back to reality. But as looked at Jared, it felt like was staring into the eyes of a devil incarnate. His heart pounded violently, so hard that nearly lost control of his bowels again. All his former grace and dignity as prince of the Eighth Hall was gone, stripped bare by fear.

"I..." Thorley stammered, then suddenly shouted into the air, "Father! Save me!"

Jared instinctively looked up, half-expecting Braxton to appear.

But the sky was empty. Seizing the moment, Thorley spun around and boned.

"D*mn it! Calling your daddy isn't going to save you!" Jared sneered, reaching out and grabbing by the collar before could escape.

"Father! Fa..." Thorley struggled and yelled.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

A sharp slap cut off. Then another. And another.

Jared struck Thorley across the face, back and forth, each blow stripping away the last fragments of his pride.

If Thorley was going to follow orders, Jared would make sure it was with his head down and his spirit broken.

“If you don’t shut up, I swear I’ll cut out your tongue!” Jared snapped, his voice cold with warning.

Thorley’s face flushed crimson. If Jared didn’t still have a use for him, he’d already be as good as dead.

Startled into silence, Thorley dared not utter another word. Terror gripped completely, snuffing out any lingering thought of escape.

“N-No, I agree! I’ll cooperate! I’ll do whatever you say!” Thorley finally begged, his voice trembling.

“That’s more like it. As long as you play nice, we’ll let you go once we’re out of the city,” Jared made empty promises. He had no intention of letting Thorley go, even after they were safe.

He had no intention of showing mercy. He wasn’t a saint, and Thorley was a threat.

They were already mortal enemies with the Celestial Palace. Letting an adversary walk free was out of the question. Once they were safely out of the city, Jared planned to strip Thorley of anything valuable, then dispose of him.

But until then, needed Thorley to cooperate. If the fool decided to resist or lash out in desperation, it could complicate things.

“I swear, I’ll behave! I’ll do exactly as you say!” Thorley nodded frantically.